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W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor

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## A Tennessee Character.

There is a delightful old-time flavor about the following Tennessee character:

Col. W.—was one of those odd characters who become conspicuous for their humor and eccentricity and who are kept in remembrance long after they are dead by the many anecdotes related concerning them. He lived in one of the counties in Middle Tennessee, where for many years he traded in slaves for many years, a vocation which was not regarded favorably even in the South, but which enabled him to acquire a comfortable estate. He was widely known not only as a shrewd trader, but as a genial and fun-loving though rather self-important man, always ready to turn an easy penny and who could tell a capital story. On one occasion he was approached by Major H., one of the most prominent citizens of M.—

who wished to buy a smart, good-looking young negro to do service about his stable and kitchen. (It may be well to remark here that in those ante-bellum days of militia musters, military titles were nearly as common as they are at the present time.) Major H.—was of one of the "big families," prided himself upon high position in society, was very dainty and delicate in his tastes and was scrupulous in drawing nice social distinctions. Col. W.—at an appointed hour brought up for inspection a likely mulatto boy, who was mentally and physically sound, but who stammered distressingly. As the boy was not consulted in the matter, he had only to quietly submit to an examination, very like that to which a horse is subjected when offered on the market. After some higgling up on the part of the two men Major H. paid a good round sum for the boy, and took his newly acquired property home.

The next morning, as the Colonel was seated in front of the town tavern, with his heels elevated against the balusters, Major H.—advanced toward him in no pleasant frame of mind, and without other salutation, exclaimed, "Col. W.—, you have cheated me, sir!"

Without altering his position, the Colonel looked up calmly, and said in his blandest tones, made more provoking by his tantalizing lip: "Good-morning, Major. You seem to be somewhat perturbed. If your remark with address to me, I hope you will excuse me if I inquire to what you have reference."

"You know very well, sir," replied the Major, with growing indignation. "You deceived me about that negro I bought yesterday. Why, confound it! he stutters so badly he can hardly make himself understood. It is absolutely painful to try to talk with him."

"My dear sir," responded the Col., with an air of injured innocence, and with a sly glance at the by-standers, who were enjoying the scene, "you ought not to blame me in the matter. I thought you wanted a servant to work for you. If you had told me you wanted a nigger to convert with, I would have taken pains to select you a better conversationalist."

This reply raised a laugh at the Major's expense, and so exasperated him he turned abruptly on his heel and left the suave Colonel master of the situation. [Harper's Magazine.]

CANNON INTELLIGENCE.—A remarkable instance of the fidelity and sagacity of the dog lately happened at Milford Haven. Two men named Davies and Taylor were out in a boat, which was swamped. The former of these was the owner of a dog, and while the men were struggling in the water the animal caught hold of Taylor with the object of supporting him; finding, however, that it was not his master to whom he was rendering this assistance he relinquished his grasp and went to the aid of Davies, his master, supporting him until he was rescued by a passing steamer, the other man being drowned.

The pig feeds a living in his pen and so does the editor. The similarity, however, ceases at this point.—[The Drummer.]

## About American Widows.

Samuel Weller's admonition to "Bevare, Sammy, of vidders," is not now more potent than it was on his own hopeful. So many ladies find the black veil and dress, with the widow's frill, so becoming that they wear the "weeds" long after the allotted period of mourning, and there are instances where the sable attire is adopted from fancy.

The modern boarding-house is the paradise of the widow, and no boarding-house is complete without one. There is the rich widow—aged, the relic of an aged husband with whom she toiled in early life up the hill of time; young, having been left by an old husband who did not marry until late in life, when he had made his fortune. There is the demure young widow, who ekes out a living by fancy work or teaching. There is the young widow who is accompanied by her mother. The poor young widow generally has one or two small children.

Between the married flirts and the widows, the young Miss has to make a bold fight, because she has to offset their experience with her youthful freshness; and they can often, with the aid of dress or cosmetics, produce effects equal to her own, while she can only acquire their tact and skill by time and practice.

Every community has its rich widow who succeeded to an immense estate which she manages with a skill worthy of her late liege lord. The rich widow is generally fair, fat and forty, while the poor young widow, who is her rival, is pretty and demure. The youthful beaux first make a desperate onslaught on the last named, who repulse them because of the unsatisfactory condition of their exchequer. Then they fly to the rich old lady, one of them generally succeeding in winning her, her rival finally wedding some bald, insipid old Crepus.

In this city a careful statistician attached to the Health Board estimates there are at present 250,000 widows in this country, 50,000 of whom are independent; 50,000 of whom live on elegant incomes; 50,000 of whom are supported by their own or their late husband's family or relatives; the remaining 100,000 earning their own living.

That the widows of wealthy men are no always well provided for, a recent case in the courts furnishes evidence. The widow and daughter of no less a man than the late Jesse Hoyt are suing for an increased allowance, claiming that the income afforded them under a trustee is not sufficient.

Among the richest widows may be mentioned Mrs. W. K. Garrison, Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, Mrs. A. T. Stewart and Mrs. Paron Stevens, both of whom have been reported several times to be again contemplating matrimony. Dame Rumor had it at one time that President Arthur would lead Mrs. Roberts to the hymeneal altar, but nothing has ever come of it. Mrs. Stevens has been reported to be engaged to several gentlemen, but she remains true to the memory of the late lamented. Mrs. Stevens is probably the richest widow in this part of the country; there is one richer in California, the relic of one of the bonanza kings, Mrs. A. T. Stewart's age protects her from the rumor of matrimonial intentions. Mrs. E. D. Morgan is a rich widow.

When the widow has a marriageable daughter there is often the same contest between the two that there is between two sisters. While the more experienced woman often carries off the prize as often as the youthful daughter triumphs. The latest case is that of a rich young widow living in the fashionable locality of Beacon street, Boston. She was wooed from abroad a sweetheart of her youth, whom she had discarded because he was poor, but the gentleman found the daughter more attractive, made love to her and finally married her. An incident the reverse of this agitated fashionable circles in Harlem not long since. The suitor of a daughter whom he met abroad traveling with some friends, and whom he accompanied home to prosecute his suit here, transferred his affections to the mother. It is rarely though that the affections of the widow are trifled with, and it is rarely that a widow figures as principal in a breach of promise suit.—[N. Y. Morning Journal.]

"Pa, is it right to call a man born in Poland a Pole?" "Of course, my child." "Well then, if a man is born in Holland, is he a hole?" "Tut, tut! I'll answer no more of your silly questions."

## Brushing Up Reporting.

"Do you need a reporter?" inquired a long, lean, lank youth, as he entered the sanctum, and formed rings of smoke from his cigarette. "You see I am a genius, I am. Got a new idea; bound to make your paper sell. Engage me and your circulation will double in a week."

"Our staff is full," suggested the editor.

"Ah! yes, saw two of 'em full around the corner just now. That's a joke," he yelled, gazing at the impossibly face of the editor. "But to business. I've a new idea. You see this cast-iron way of reporting is played out."

"Oh! is it?" ventured the editor. "To be sure. The public wants something new and original; something that will strike home. Now, here," he said, unfolding a copy of the paper, "here's an account of an accident to a little child. Just read it. See how dull it is. Probably a thousand accidents have been described in that way, and the public scarcely deign to glance it over. If I was given such an accident to write up, I'd just throw myself. Now just see how I'd improve it. Do you think I would say, as this does—"

"A little child of Joshua Squills was run over by an ash cart yesterday and is not expected to recover." No, sir. Now you just listen to this:

"It is our mournful duty to record a terrible accident, by which a sweet young life is probably crushed out of existence. Yesterday one of the many offspring of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Joshua Squills, Esq., a regular subscriber to this journal, was precipitated to the roadway by a passing vehicle which is used in the transmission of refuse coal, and sustained injuries which were beyond the control of the most eminent physicians. The dear infant, it is feared, will soon be climbing the golden stairs. For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Now, there's an article which would cause a sensation. Let me give you another example—"

"Do you prefer the elevator or the stairway?" queried the editor, as he arose.

"Good morning!" yelled the interesting youth. "Don't trouble yourself; the stairway is good enough for me." And he made a rush for the door, but not in time to escape the projected boot.

## Not Cold.

At 10 o'clock on Thursday evening an omnibus was rumbling down Fifth avenue. A handsome young lady, modestly attired, sat near the door. As the vehicle passed the Hotel Brunswick a man with a white hat, diamond studs and gray side whiskers caught sight of the pretty face. He entered the omnibus and sat down at the side of the young lady. After paying his fare he hummed "Sweet Violets" and tried to attract her attention. Wrapt in her own contemplations, she gazed at the stately residences on the avenue, unmindful of her surroundings. Suddenly she felt the tips of his gray whiskers on her cheek. "Are you cold, Miss?" the owner said.

"O, no," was the modest reply.

"Are you ears cold?"

"Certainly not," the man replied.

"But why do you ask?"

"Because you evidently want them warmed," she answered.

The only other occupant of the stage laughed outright at the cutting retort. The gray-bearded man flushed and pulled the strap. He got out in some haste, and the stage rumbled onward, while the young lady resumed her contemplations.—[New York Sun.]

The heaviest rail used in this country does not exceed 72 pounds per yard, the average being 60 pounds per yard, or 94 tons per mile, while the best English roads use a double-headed rail weighing 80 pounds per yard. Allowing an average face to face cross-section of 9 inches and 3,000 ties per mile, we have a wood-bearing surface of 2,250 lineal feet per mile of track. The English roads, with a heavier rail, have a much less number of cross-ties. A rail weighing 80 pounds per yard equals 125.7 tons per mile and with cross-ties of 9.4 inches face (average) and ten to each rail length, the English track has a wood-bearing surface of 1,432 lineal feet, about 32 per cent. less than our own roads. This is what we shall eventually come to in America—a heavier rail and less wood on our roads. We think that it is not safe to use a soft wood tie, such as white oak or hackberry, save upon tangles and then only ties should be used at the rail joints, with only the best oak ties upon curves.—[Iron Age.]

## The Hotel of the Future.

The following is the translation of an article in a Berlin paper which will convey an idea of the German estimates of the coming American hotel: "The latest American progress in building will be the 'mammoth hotel,' soon to be erected in Chicago. The enormous hotel is to have a frontage of three English miles long, and a depth of six miles; the height of 77 stories, will measure 3,480 feet from the ground floor to the roof. The hotel will have no stairs, but five hundred balloons will always be ready to take visitors up to their rooms. No room waiters are to be employed, but visitors will be served by a newly patented automatic, put up in every bed room, which will do all shaving, shampooing, etc., to the guests by a very simple and ingenious mechanism. Supposing the guest requires hot water, the automatic will be able to call down stairs: 'A bucket of water up to room number one million three thousand one hundred and seven,' and the water will be up in seven seconds by a patented elevator. Half an hour before table d'hôte, instead of the ringing of bells, a gun (twenty-five pounder) will be fired on each floor to call the guests to get ready for their meals. The tables in the dining rooms will be measured four miles each, attendance to be performed by twelve waiters on horseback, on either side of the table. Music during table d'hôte will be played—gratis—by eight bands of seventy-seven men each. For the convenience of visitors a railway will be built on each floor as well as telegraph offices. The price of one bed-room will be from one dollar to ten dollars. The cost of this building is estimated to be \$680,000,000. The billiard room will contain nine hundred American, ninety-nine French and one English table, and most of the visitors expected to be Americans, the billiard room will be fitted out with a spittoon of one hundred feet in circumference."

## Results of an Accident.

As with many valuable discoveries, the process of rolling cold iron owes its discovery to an accident, which is thus related: "A foundryman, a workman at the rolls, neglected to take his tongue from a bar of heated iron in time, and they were carried through the rolls. Much to his surprise the tongue instead of being broken in passing through the rolls, were reduced to the same gauge as the heated bar, and shone like steel. The workman called the attention of the superintendent to what he thought was merely a 'funny' circumstance; but the superintendent jumped at the conclusion that if it were possible to roll cold iron once, it could be done again. He commenced to experiment and had not gone far before he discovered that cold iron was in every respect the equal of steel for shafting purposes and in some respects it is superior, as it is more easily turned to any desired size than steel. Other discoveries followed this, and the process for rolling cold iron was patented. The man who allowed his tongue to go through the rolls, was suitably rewarded, and the persons who followed up and placed his discovery on the market, have made millions."

A Washington paper sketches a gentleman as one may say to the life, though he is gone. Col. Johnson is dead. He was a fine specimen of a type. Good family, good society, ample means, with well-filled stables and foxes in the woods, he lived a charming life. But applejack got the better of him. Next the Captain lost his property. The loss sobered him. In his old age he worked out the puzzles in the children's newspapers. Now he is dead.

In several States there are laws against selling liquor to common drunkards. The method of posting up in conspicuous places a list of all drunkards in the town has worked wonders in several communities. A man has to pretty far gone to desire to see his name posted in such a list.

The enterprising Georgia girl who raised four acres of onions and sent lots of them as presents to her rivals, but carefully avoided touching them herself, has won and will soon marry the young man that all the girls in her section were after.—[Philadelphia News.]

The object of the English syndicate who are purchasing Confederate bonds is said to be to get possession of funds deposited in European banks by the Confederate government.

J. H. Brocken, Louisville, says: "I have been suffering from liver complaint; the best remedy I have ever used is Brown's Iron Bitters."

## Lilliputian Lovers.

A novel wedding will take place on the evening of the 28th inst. at the Buckingham Theatre, Louisville. The contracting parties are Mr. John Smeirix, better known as "Major Mike," and Miss Mary Lail, two of the smallest people in the world. The Major is 42 inches in height, while Miss Mary is but 31 inches. They claim to be the smallest people in the world. The Major says that Tom Thumb was almost a head taller than him, while Miss Mary says that Minnie Warren overtopped her by half a head. The Major was born in Moscow, Russia, in 1853, and has only been in America about ten years. In 1876 he traveled with Barnum for a short time. His intended bride was born at Mocksville, North Carolina, in 1850, and is consequently three years older than the Major. She has been on the road for seventeen years, and she has traveled the world over. Last winter the Lilliputians met in Pittsburg, and they concluded to exhibit themselves jointly. They had no difficulty in securing an engagement and they finally drifted toward Louisville. They were immediately engaged by John Whalen for his museum. Sly old John conceived the idea of them being made man and wife, and when they both consented to take each other for better or worse, it was determined to have them married on the stage at the Buckingham, in the presence of the entire audience.

An ingenious farmer, sticking a few nails into a clothes line to keep his neighbor's cattle out of his pasture, went about his other business, thinking no more of the matter. A sharp fellow came along, saw the rope and began to think about it. He evolved the "barbed wire" fence, and the very farmer from whom the fellow got the idea has to pay him a tribute for an article which he himself originally designed. And the income of the monopoly is estimated at \$100,000 per month.

A Philadelphia shoe dealer gives customers their photographs, and a dentist loans teeth on trial. Business is becoming demoralized. It was the tea-store chromo that started it all. The men's furnishing store man who doesn't give a diamond stud with each shirt can't sell nowadays. The grocer must give a full tea set with each pound of catnip and peach leaves, or the day is cold for him.

When the minister is pretty severe upon human shortcomings in the pulpit, every man leans back in his pew, smiles, and says to himself, "Now he's giving it to 'em." Satisfying thought, isn't it, that the minister always has reference to somebody else?

"Yes," said the Vermont deacon, "I always go down to camp meeting, and always come back feeling good. Do you see that magnificent horse there in the field? Well, you ought to have seen the old plug I took down there!"

A new convert wished very much to be baptized by one minister and to join the church of another. She went to the first and asked if it could be done. "Yes," replied the pastor, "I could do it, but I don't take in washing."

It is a question if a summer vacation is of any practical benefit to a clergyman. In three months a congregation can lose an amount of piety that a hard winter's work will scarcely recover.

A man never prides himself on the smallness of his wife's feet when she has got them planted in his spine and is prying him out of bed to build the fire.—[Fall River Advance.]

There are 56 shops for the sale of horse-flesh as food in Paris, France.

Every young doctor will get on if he only has patients.

The best thing to give to the poor—employment.

No matter how jaded the constitution may be from disease or excess, the Great German Invigorator restores it permanently. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

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George W. Ribelin, of Blue Mount, Ill., writes that Brown's Expectant cured him of a severe cold after everything else had failed. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

Who can estimate the amount of human suffering caused by only a bad cough? And who the number of lives undermined and lost by neglecting just a cough? Brown's Expectant will cure this cough if given a chance. Price, fifty cents. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

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